ON THE PANAMA ISTHMUS.

THE DEPARTMENT OF CHIRIOUS. ON THE WEST COAST.

A Part of the World that the Tourist in Not Apt to See-A Fine Tropical Country The Town of Bavid-A City of Slaugh ter Boases The Very Peculiar American in Prison-Family Life in David-A Seventy-year-old Skipper from the States.

Of all the neglected parts of North America it is likely that none has been visited less or has attracted less attention from the people of the United States than the extreme western part of the 1sthmus of Panama, known to geographers as the Department of Chiriqui, United States of Colombia. It is fair to suppose that many more the coast of Greenland than ever saw this tronical region, for there is a regular line of vessels trading between Philadelphia and Greenland in the summer, while Chiriqui is entirely out of the way of the tourist. And yet it is not difficult of access, and it is in a variety of ways well worth the attention of the traveller. It has, for instance, a harbor on the north side of the Isthmus that is as good as that of New York and is a deal more picturesque a place that would make the best naval station in tropical North

When I visited Chirioui I entered it from the East, travelling overland on the back of a mule until I reached the little village called Horconcitas on the south coast. Then, as the constant reader of THE SUN may possibly remember, I travelled all night in a rotten, leaky dugout across a shallow water, like the Albemarle Sound of North Carolina, and arrived at David, the capital of the department, just as the first streak of daylight appeared in the east. This route to David is recommended to those travel-lers only who do not grow weary under what most people call hardships. Sitting cross-legged in a leaky cance for twelve hours would seem to



GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, DAVID,

be a hardship to ordinary travellers. This may be avoided by taking a little steamship that leaves Panama once a month and coasts the Isthmus as far as David for corn, rice, beans, fustic wood, and other kinds of produce to be

A SLAUGHTER-HOUSE MONOPOLY.

The first thing that attracted my attention as I approached the suburbs of the town from the boat landing was an example of British enter-prise. There was a walled-in lot say six rods square on one side of the road, and from within this came the sound of a number of voices of men, the most of whom were laughing. A pig was squealing, and as I arrived opposite a closed door in the wall a steer bellowed from pain, whereat the laughter increased mightily. The wall was so high I could not see over it, and so I asked my guide what was doing inside.

"It is the city slaughter house," he said.

Afterward I learned that the building of slaughter houses was a favorite investment with an association of English capitalists. I found their establishments at a large number of Spanish-American towns, and very good investnents they all were. The first thing the company did in each case was to obtain a concession from the Government granting the exclusive privilege for killing all the four-footed animals to be used as food in the city for a period of say twenty years. For this concession a small Government annually. A yard is enclosed and a shed built large enough to cover the butchers and all the cattle likely to be killed in a day. A cement floor that lead to a sewer connecting with a running stream. A supply of water sufficient to keep the culleys for hanging up the dead carcasses. Men to kill and handle the beasts are then hired and the company is ready for business. The estab-lishment is sometimes sold to the Government when it is completed, and this was done at David. The sole functions of the company are to kill and dress the animals and dispose of the offal. Any one may take an animal there to be slaughtered and then dispose of the carcass as he pleases, but no one can sell through this establishment. The price of killing a steer at David was \$4, and for small animals \$2 per head. Those are the usual prices elsewhere. As a matter of fact only beef, veal, and pork were produced at David. There were no sheep. When it is considered that David is a town of about 8,000 people it will be seen that a good many animals had to be killed every year to supply the place with meat. But the whole outfit of the slaughter house would not have cost to exceed \$4,000 in New York, and prolably did not cost \$10,000 of the depreciated cur-rency there. If handled by honest managers, I have no doubt these concerns pay the company dividends of from 50 to 100 per cent., as one manager told me they did. This seems to be a matter worth considering by people looking for

investments in Spanish America.

David as a city is quickly described. It is a collection of adobe-walled, tile-roofed, one-story houses that face narrow streets which are laid out checker-board tashion. There is one old one known as "the park." The plaza was merely a city block left vacant, save for an old church near the centre. It contained no trees. The penitentiary stood on one side and the offices of the Alcalde, the civil and criminal Judges, and the other Government officials faced another side. The remaining sides were occupied by dwellings, but contrary to the usual custom in small Spanish-American towns, the aristocracy did not live on this plaza. Their houses were in the side streets or on the main business street, where they all kept stores except one, Sefior Don Nicolas Delgado, who kept the hotel and owned a whole square facing the new park.

DAVID'S BOSS FIGHTER.

It was a novel experience to find anything that

It was a novel experience to find anything that was new in a Spanish-American town, except, perhaps, a dwelling, and I asked how David happened to have the park.

"If Delgado had been a Yanker," was the reply, "he would have been a town-site boomer. He is a great man, and the best fighter but one in Chirhqui. The best fighter is his son. The two of them run things in Chiriqui, though neither one cares to hold office. Pelgado owned the land around the new wark when there was no park there, and he decided that a park would improve the value of his town lots. He told the Alcalde there ought to be a park there, and the Alcalde agreed at once. So a neat iron fence was built around the plot, and the walks and flower beds and shruhs followed. You see the authorities refused to grant him some such little request as that a lew years ago and next day they had a revolution to quell. It seemed like an easy task to quell it, especially when belgado and his men began to retreat the moment the towernment troops appeared. They retreated on the run and the soldiers followed on the run until they gut down in a ravine about four miles from town where the road crosses the river. Then the soldiers found the woods full of revolutionists, who silled about twenty of them before they knew what kind of a mistake they'd maile. So those that were still alive surrendered, and everybody does just what the Deixados want done in these days."

The park was not the only new thing in town. In the old plaza the people had built a new bell tower for their church. It was a handsoms tower made of stone, and it stood at some distance from the fact that the ordinary bell tower, even in cities of considerable size, is a little square tile roof supported by four crooked logs standing on end. Moreover, two new dwellings were in course of erection in town, and comparatively speaking, flavid had an appearance of life in spite of its out-of-the-way location.

1 had my first introduction to a Spanish-

IN A SPANISH-AMERICAN PRISON. I had my first introduction to a Spanish-American prison on the day after my arrival in David. I had brought a letter of introduction to an Englishman in business there, and the first thing he said after reading the letter was:

"Ah, you are an American, are you? We have due of your countrymen in jail here for murde. Would you like to see him? I

shouldn't like to go if I were in your place; he's very peculiar-rifles in a passion for nothing, you may say, and is violent in his speech and actions. And he's got a snake cure, too; still, you have a support of the state of

It was the hottest, foulest hole I ever saw.

"What did you say when you spoke to them?"
I asked.

"I told them you were a friend from the United States who wanted to see how badly they were treated."

"Was there any special reason for telling that?"

"Well, rather. They have the fashion of resenting intrusion with a chunk of tile or dirt, or anything at hand. The Governor would catch it as quickly as any one who should put his face to that hole unannounced."

This prison had 37 men and no women in it. The majority were in for petty offences—drunkenness, fighting, and theft. The American was treated with marked deference by his associates. They all believed he had killed a main. They say that no one is kept in this prison more than three or four months. Crimes meriting longer terms are punished by imprisonment in the castle at Panama.

IT was AN ENGLISH SNAKE CURE.

This so-called American prisoner's name was

IT WAS AN ENGLISH SNARE CURE.

This so-called American prisoner's name was Charles Edward Taylor. He said he was born in England and came to New York city at the age of 0, where he grew up to man's estate. Neither he nor his father took out American papers, but he had voted at elections. Then he went to Panama in the employ of the Panama Railroad, and was there five years, after which he drifted up to Chiriqui, where he had acquired



THE MAN WITH THE SNAKE-BITE CURE.

a patch of Government land by the simple payment of a registering fee, and went into the cattle business. It was here that he learned to brew the remedy for snake bites that made the English merchant think him peculiar. Whatever the real merit of the remedy may be I do not know, but Dr. Wolfred Nelson, in his book entitled "Five Years in Panama," speaks of it as a good thing.

Mr. Taylor declared it never failed even in the case of the most deadly snakes. He would not tell the secret of the compound. The natives all thought the man a wonderful physician.

When I had finished my interview I went back to the Englishman, who said:

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When I had finished my interview I went back to the Englishman, who said:

"Did you see your countryman? Of course, all Americans can't be like him. He is very peculiar. Once he was riding along on a borrowed horse, and it shied at something and almost tumbled him to the ground. What did my bold American do at that but get down from the beast and shoot it with his revolver. He has killed no end of cattle, too-his own as well as those of his neighbors. Every animal that breaks through his fences into his cane or his corn is shot. And, then, there is his snake cure. Of course, not all Americans are like him, but do you have many as peculiar as he?"

"Why, yes, we do get a good many curious peoule from the old country. They do not all have snake cures, but English emigrants like him are usually different from others."

"Ah, now why do you call him an English emigrant? He calls himself an American."

"So he does, but he is English because he was born in England, lived there nine years, and was never naturalized in the States, nor was his father before him."

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CURIOUS FACTS REVEALED BY A CENSUS.

An interesting fact as to the people of David, and of all the 1sthmus for that matter, is that the wealthy people send their brightless boys to New York city to be educated.

Senetti, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Chiriqui. Among other things the Justice had done in his career as an official all the Colombian graduates of New York colleges I met down there were officials was to take a census of the department. The ordinary census report makes very dry reasing, but this enumerator had grouped his figures to form some statements that would attract the attention of 27,013 in the Department of Chiriqui, he found but 3,623 marricel people. The unmarried adults numbered 6,341,05,whom 1,170 were widows and widowers. Of the unmarried adults about three-fourths (the exact number was not obtained) were living together without the sanction of the priest, but that did not include all who were living so, because only those over 21 years of age were counted as adults, while girls reach the marriageable age at 13 years.

Another very interesting feature of the census was found in the classification by ages. There were 101 people over 70 years of age and nine who were over 100 years old. Of the centenarisms, seven were women and two were men. It is worth noting here that every one of these cheerly notific used to be a fact that scarcely any attention from the fact that scarcely any attention of the people by occupations it appeared that there were 517 skilled male mechanics. This disproportion was due to the fact chiefly that the cigars and cigarettes produced were made by women and girls, by whom, also, the weaking of cloth and the making of all kinds of garments were polyesia

TAXES IN CHIRIQUI. Should any one reading this wish to go to Chiriqui to make his home he will be interested in learning something about taxes. Every foreigner must pay a poli tax of \$2 a year. That



Bates, the author of "The Naturalist on the Amazons," concludes his story by saying: "For I hold the opinion that, although humanity can reach an advanced state of culture only by batting with the inclemencies of nature in high latitudes, it is under the equator alone that the perfect race of the future will attain to complete fruition of man's beautiful heritage, the earth." Thereat every ethnologist from Dan to Beersheba rose up and protested; man in his noblest form was found in the north temperate zone, and Thereat every ethnologist from Dan to beersheha rose up and protested; man in his noblest form was found in the north temperate zone, and the temperate zone was the proper heritage of any race of men worthy the name said the ethnology sharns. Nevertheless, let it not be fornotten that the civilized race of the Americas before the Spannards came was found in the tropics, and it ancient days the Greeks, the Romans, and the Jews lived on the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, some time people will begin to see that life where all of one sdays must be devoted to a mad seramble for money is a life not worth living. They will see that a life where a brief time only is needed to provide food and raiment, and where much time remains for cultivating the intellect is better. They will see that this is the ideal life and will adopt it. This kind of a life might be found in the tropics now. The people of the tropics do not lead such a life; they pass their spare time in bileness or the pursuit of sensual joys until ensured to desperation, and then they kick up a revolution. But if the people of the temperate region who are weary of their strife for a mere living could realize the possibilities that await them on the highlands that extend from Chirloulion the Istimus to the State of Oacaca in Mexico. I fancy they would flock there in such numbers as to wipe out the traces of barbarism that still remain there and bring to pass the condition of affairs which Bates foretold. I never met a foreigner in the region who did not say it was "God's own country," and I met very few who did not immediately add, "but it is leased to the devil."

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HOTEL LIFE AT DAVID.

Life at the hotel of Señor Delgado is worth describing because it is illustrative of the life the people who live in the town, and because such hotels are commonly misrepresented by English-writing travellers, the misrepresentation consisting not so much in direct untrue statements as in the way that the actual facts are stated and commented on. For instance, in one book concerning life in Spanish America that I have read it was said of a hotel that "the floor was covered with dirt," the walls dividing the hedrooms did not reach the roof, and there was no ceiling, "the space above being left open for the circulation of air and bats;" the dining from "was actually a pig sive," and so the statements ran for a page or two.

At the house of Don Nicolas Delgado I had a suite of two rooms, one facing the park and the other a flower and vegetable gardon in the rear. The tile floor was apparently covered with dirt, but an examination showed that the dirt was clean sand. This sand was swept up from time to time and replaced with a fresh supply from the river. There was no ceiling, and the space under the roof was open. Bats could have "circulated" there, but they didn't while I occupied the room, Besides, bats would not harm any one, even if they did "circulate" there; on the contrary they would drive many winged insects. And then there was a pig in the dining room, it might have been offensive to some travellers, but it was a pie pig. It was a well-washed little fellow, and in no way did he volate the proprieties, lie was, it fact, an interesting chap, for he would coax his mistress for a blie of something to eat during meal time by rubbing his nose against her foot and grunting in a low voice. And when this falled to bring a morsel he would give her foot a bite and then back off and snort in disgust, looking at let the whis i

fine clothes and, going to the parior, lounged on a hammock or sat in the chairs and did a little sewing. Breakfast and dinner were about alike. We had soup, fish, two or three kinds of meat, one of which was always boiled with vegetables, a salad, a sweet of some kind, and black coffee. Heef was always served fried at breakfast, however, and roasted at dinner, and that was the only difference between the meals.

We had roast venison once. Hon Nicolas said that deer, wild pigs, panthers, laguars, wild turkeys, a sort of a partridge, three kinds of doves, one kind of squirrels, and some other eatable animais could be found in the mountains, but "the work of killing them is more than they are worth." And that is the common opinion among Spanish Americans.

Idid not see Don Nicolas or his son do any work, but one or the other rode away to the country every day, where they owned cattle ranches and augar plantations. Their work consisted in overseeing the work on these farms. They were both rich, as wealth is counted in that country, and this fact makes the daily labor of the women in making cigars all the more interesting. The making of cigars is the fashion among the women in Chirlqui.

fashion among the women in Chiriqui.

A YANKE SAHLOR IN THE TROPICS.

One must travel for out of the way if he would find a region where no Yankee lives—much further than David. One of the best-known foreigners in Chiriqui was Capt. Thomas Carey Saunders, Very likely the reader has forgotten the matter, but on Nov. 18, 1880. The SIX told a story of a Mrs. Saunders who had killed herself with illuminating gas the day before, at the home of Mrs. Sarah Bush, 1,880 Third avenue. She was the wife of Capt. Saun-



FULL-BLOODED CHIRIQUI INDIAN BOY.

Itable product—can be had by merely seratching the soil with a crocked sitck and dropping in the seed. On the ground that is a thousand feet already the real its seed. On the ground that is a thousand feet already to set the real its new trop hot and never on when I was there, and those with whome region when I was there, and those with whome region when I was there, and those with whome region when I was there, and those with whome region when I was there, and those with whome region when I was there, and those with whome region when I was there, and those with whome region when I was there, and those with whome region of the relation of the number was ever sick.

It was to the northern shore of this garden'ted feder that the famuus oid war ship Kearsarge came once upon a time, under the command of Capt. Flecking, U. S. N. Capt. Flecking was under the command of Capt. Flecking, U. S. N. Capt. Flecking was the region of the region of

TO SEE TEN THOUSAND BRILLIANT SNAKES IN AN HOUR.
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TO SEE TEN THOUSAND BRILLIANT SNAKES IN AN HOUR.

"What was it in this country that interested you most when you made your first trip here?" said I. The Captain chuckled a bit, and said:

"The snakes."

"But, Captain, I have come practically all the way from Panama on mule back, and I have cruised through your swamp here in a dupout, and yet I haven't seen even one live garter."

I don't doubt it a moment, he said, but you come back here at the beginning of the rainy season and I'll show you 10,000 snakes from the deck of my steamer inside of an hour. This is a right interesting country for a naturalist, especially a snake naturalist. You see the mountains back there are handy by and they are tail. The old volcanorises 11,205 feet above the sea. So when the rains come and the water pours out of the clouds the terrents came down out of the guidehes up there in a way to make your hair rise. It is not a heavily wooded country it is more like a park with plenty of lawns, and the water runs off these laws into the guilles and then to the creeks, where it comes tearing along in waves twenty feet high sometimes. Why, it is a fact that the larger streams often rise over twenty feet in twenty minutes. Perhaps you do not see what that has to do with snakes, but I'll tellyou. The snakes hibernate during the dry season and wake up with the first rain, and when they wake up they are the most sociable things you can find anywhere. I guess that's their courting season, eh? Anyhow, they all get together in bunches of -well. I reckon you won't believe it, but I've seen bunches of a hundred, all tiel up in a great knot. The comes one of those freshelts with its floods a-booming down the carek valleys, sweeping everything before it. The food just gathers up everything that will find at and some things that won't and carries the whole outfit out to sea. Why, you can tell when you are off the mouth of an Istimus river in the early wet season just by the bunches of shakes you'll find floating around out at sea -diamond-backed rattle

you. You may think ten thousand snakes a big number, but just come here after the rains first set in. I'll show you that many in an hour."

A REGION FOR A NATURALIST.

I find that travellers generally speak well or ill of a place, not according to its natural advantages or disadvantages, but according to their personal experiences in it. Possibly I am influenced thus somewhat when I say that of all the out-of-the-way biases! I have visited between lyigitut, Greenland, and U shuaia. Tierra del Fuezo, there is none to which I would be so glad to return as to David. But this is not wholly due to the memory of the life at the hotel of Don Nicolas. As was told in The Sun about a year ago, Chiriqui was once the nome of a race of Indians who were comic artists of a high grade of intellect. The region is fill of the remains of their work in clay, and it has been by no means exhausted of their products in gold and copper. About all that is known of this work was gathered by an American, Mr. J. A. Movell of Michigan, who for a number of years resided at David and prosecuted the search for relies with vigor. But Mr. Mc. Neil was not a man of wealth: in fact he impovershed himself in his enthusiasm. But there are the islands offshore with their treasures wholly unexplored and the Cordilleras have only been scratched over. Then there are the Indians of the present day. No one capable of appreciating them has ever learned their language; practically nothing is known about them, and yet in their skill as weavers and as taxidermists they are almost artists, and it is altogether likely that they have a literature well worth investigating. And then there are the explorations in zoology and botany, not to mention mineralogy, that would be a source of perpetual delight to one who loves nature, while above all towers the peak of the old volcano that has never yet been scaled.

On the day appelied for the atcamer to sail I walked out of town and across a dusty plain in the noonday glare of they well as they idle the days away and th

ON A CHIRIQUI PACKET SHIP.

I found Capt. Saunders's ship tied up to a cattle chute beside the river. A gang of shouting natives were loading the ship with fat steers. As has been told in The SUN, a cattle ship in the tropice is not even at best particularly laviting as a passenger ship, but I think the Alvira was

the worst packet, every hing considered, that ever left a port. She was an iron craft, and had ever left a nort. She was an iron craft, and had been so long in the service and so poorly cared for that her smokestack had been entirely destroyed by rust. To replace it the crew had knocked together a lot of corrugated iron plates, such as are used for house roofing in American mino camps. She had two masts, but both were so rotten that they had to be fished with



pieces of plank heid on with ropes. As for the hull I do not know how badly it was rusted, but Capt. Saumiers said it was "rather tender," and he did not like to drive it above four knots an hour because he wanted it to hold together, until a new ship, then building, arrived out from England.

The most interesting item of fesicat was a

an hour because he wanted it to hold together until a new ship, then building, arrived out from England.

The most interesting item of freight was a lot of cans of kerosene oil from Brooklyn, about 100 in all, standing on deck. They had come from Panama in a schooner, and were stripped of their wooden cases because they paid duty by the panal on entering Costa Rica. They were chiefly interesting, however, because two of them leaked, and the quarterdeck where they stood because seaked with oil. It was a pine dock, and was continually warm in spite of a good awning, but the happy-go-lucky natives dropped burning character stubs and even blazing match sticks in that oil-socked pine with the same indifference that they dropped the things overloard. I do not know why the deck did not take fire.

Among other things the ship carried 140 head of fat cattle that paid \$10 per head for the passage, a dozen horses and mules at the same price, 50 pigs that paid \$30, ten cowboys at \$5 cach, some hundreds of fons of corn and rice and beans at 30 cents per hundred nounds, and a haif dozen cabin passengers at \$15 cach. This for a voyage of little over thirty-six hours. For fuelthe steamer burned 70 cords of wood at \$4 per cord in a passage, but her deck hands cost her only \$20 per month and her fremen \$35. As she made two voyages a month and had a full cargo every trip to Punta Arenos there was an excellent margin of profit in running her.

Among the passengers the only woman was a girl of 18 of the barrefonded class. She had been placed in the care of the Captain was a Yankee, she was

and the steamer barried. He cords of wood at \$4, lever only 500 beer month and had a lever only 500 beer month and had a several through the steamer barried. He cords of \$4. As she made two veyages a month and had a an excellent margin of predict in random terms.

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A BRUSH WITH THE SERIS. A Story of the Alleged Canalbale of the

"I've read something lately in the newspapers about the Seri Indians down in the Gulf of Callfornia," said "Art" Tredwill, the proprietor of a saloon at Los Tejones. He is visiting New York, and was talking with some Western acquaintances in the barroom of an up-town hotel last evening. "They picked up a party of American voyagers last year, it seems, at Tiburon Island and kided and ate two of them. I run across those Indians once, and I've been mighty willing since then to give them a wide berth. How did it come about? Well, it's something of a story, but if you've got the

time to hear it it'll bear telling.
"It was five years ago that these Indians came over to the mainland and cut up a good deal of mischief around the ranches. home is on Tiburon Island, three hundred miles strip on the Sonora mainland. They are cannibals, and, all around, are the flercest and meanest Indians that I've ever heard of.

"It was in the same year, in September, that found myself stranded in Yama with no money and mighty poor prospe to. It was hotter than the tropics in the town, my landlord was getting sulky and complained of slow returns from boarders, and, for lack of other means of getting out of the country, I was beginning to think that I should have to beat my way on the freight trains to San Francisco, when I fell in with John Lemwyn. He was an Englishman who had been a saflor, and somehow had drifted to Yuma. Even there he couldn't keep away from the water, and he had got hold of an old boat that had been a tender to a river steamer and that no one laid claim to. He had calked her, rigged a keel, set up a most, built a little cabin amidships, and was getting ready to make a voyage of discovery flown the river. We struck up an acquaintance, I helped him about his work, and he invited me

ment. Last Presis they event used for engages and the control of t

LOIE'S FIRE-LIKE DANCE

MISS PULLER AGAIN DAZZIES PARIS WITH NEW EFFECTS.

Electric Lights Stream Through Plats, glass Openings in the Floor of the Stage, and with Graceful Posturings Miss Fuller Renews Her Triumphs The Machinery. Panis, March 5. Last night Loie Fuller reappeared before a Paris audience in three new dances, which promise to cause a repetition of the tide of enthusiasm which three years ago brought both Lose and the Folies-Bergeres into Lich favor with the French public. This time it is the Comedie-Paristenne which hopes to

can dancer. an dancer.

The story of the origin of the new piece, 'Salome," which serves as a setting for Lou's dancing, is rather romantic. When she first began her serpentine evolutions at the Folies-Bergeres, Armand Sylvestre went to see her, Armand Sylvestre is a poet who looks like the pictures of an Alderman in a comic paper. He also writes very charming little things for the Paris journals. The day after M. Sylvestre say Miss Euller he wrote an article descriptive of the delight he had experienced, and in the course

share in the popularity and profits of the Ameri-

of this article he said:
"I dreamed of Salomé before Herod."

An obliging friend forthwith carried the paper to Miss Fuller and translated to her the words of M. Sylvestre, whereupon La Loie said:
"And why can't I be Salomé, or whatever her

name is, dancing before Hered?"
Not hearing of any good reason why she shouldn't, Loie set to work to read up the subfect, and when she made that rather unsuccessful trip to America almost two years ago, she was fully primed on the subject of "Sallis May," as she called the name in her irreverent, moments. She also carried a letter of introduction to Mr. Meltzer, whom she commissioned to write the scenario for a pantomime on the subject. The work was not done for some time, and finally, when the piece was finished and sent to her, it was written for a large theatre, and was therefore unavailable for use in such houses as the comedie l'arisienne.

Again the same obliging friend made her appearance and suggested that inasmuch as M. Sylvestre had been the one to give the original impulse, it would be quite the appropriate thing if he were the one to rewrite the piece. At, bien entends, as Lote had learned to ray by that time. M. Sylvestre was consuited. He was charmed. He rewrote the piece. M. Gabriel Pierne composed the music, which is charming. And now, after a month of rehearsals and delays, the production has come, and probably the next thing will be the La Loie scarfs and the La Loie gowns and so on, as it was before.

Loie Fuller is a dancer, yes! but she owes her great success to Edison and to her own eleverness and ingenuity. Without the electric light Loie would never have turned the heads of Paris theatregoers. But at the same time, if she were not elever enough to effect all manner of ingenious hetrothals between the light and her dancing, the chances are that we would have missed a great deal of beauty. In Salomé she has introduced an entirely different arrangement some wonderful results.

The floor of the stage of the Condellé Parisienne has been cut, so that there are six large holes cessful trip to America almost two years ago, she was fully primed on the subject of "Sallia

rangement some wonderful results.

The floor of the stage of the Comédié Parisienne has been cut, so that there are six large holes disposed in this manner:

In these openings, which are almost a yard square, are inserted squares of heavy plate glass, upon which Loie can tread any measure she may feel inclined to attempt. The stage floor is covered with a carpet which has openings to correspond with the squares of glass. Under each plate of glass is a powerful electric light, it is in this arrangement that the success of the dance as a novelty lies.

The piece is a pantomime of a dignified and dramatic nature. Hered, weary and discontented, is visited by John the Lautist, who, co finding Herodias there, commends liered to send the woman away, and, when he will not, threatens him with the divine wrath. Herod, lacking the courage to dismiss Herodias, is yet unreasonably angry with her, and repulses her. Herodias then studies how she may win him back, and as she stands there, lost in though, her young daughter. Salomé, comes in leden with flowers and followed by her maids in waiting. In this tableau, as the different scenes are called, Miss Faller's dress is of the most diaphanous material, blue with silver trimmings. One can see her figure through the gauze, as one can in two of her other dresses, but in this scene she does not dance. Her mother, however, seeing her dangther's beauty—aut Lofe is really beautiful in her role of the young Salome - commands her to dance before Herod, noping thus to win him from the mood in which John the Baptist

does not called. Her mother, nowever, seeing her daughter's beauty—and Lole is really beautiful in her role of the young Salomé—commands her to dance before Herod, aoping thus to win him from the mood in which John the Baptist has left him.

In the next tableau Herod is seated on a raised platform, with several at hietic negroes motionless behind him, when Salome comes in. She is dressed in black gauze, flashing with irridescent spangles, and holds in each hand a soft mass of black gauze, whose ruffled edges are striped with silver. Salomé kneels before Herod, then rises and begins to dance. It is impossible to describe the effect which is produced as she circles from one stream of light to another. One does not realize that the lights are there, when suddenly her gauze draperies flame with a violet or rose or green incandescence. Her very body, the outlines of which are plainly visible through her draperies, seems to glow with light. Sometimes she stops just short of one of the jets of light, and holding the two scarfs, as she calls them, over the light, shakes them up and down until they seem to be foaming with light and color. The effect is marvellously beautiful.

In the second dance Lole wears a similar costume of gauze of a color between orange and red. She has a long, broad piece of the same stuff, perhaps three yards long and two yards broad, with which she tempts still other effects from those streams of colored lights. She uses this piece quite differently, waving it in a long undulation high before her, then loosening her hold and running forward beneath it and catching the other end, and so on back and forth ever the stage. When it waves thus over the lights, which are all red or yellow in this scene. It is not so diaphanous, but takes beautiful lights. This dance is supposed to be tragic, however, and is not so graceful nor so full of wonderful effect. Still, it seems to have a great effect on lierod, who is all over his fit of the blues by this time.

The Scriptural account is now reversed, and He

